MY CHILD...

OUR WORLD HAS ALWAYS BEEN *SPLIT IN TWO.*

THERE IS THE WORLD WE ARE BORN INTO AND TAKE FOR GRANTED. THE WORLD WE PASS OUR MORTAL DAYS WITHIN.

THE *LIVING* WORLD.

BUT AFTER THAT ENDS, THERE IS ANOTHER WORLD THAT SOME OF US PASS INTO.

THIS IS THE WORLD OF *THE DEAD*.

THE ASHES.

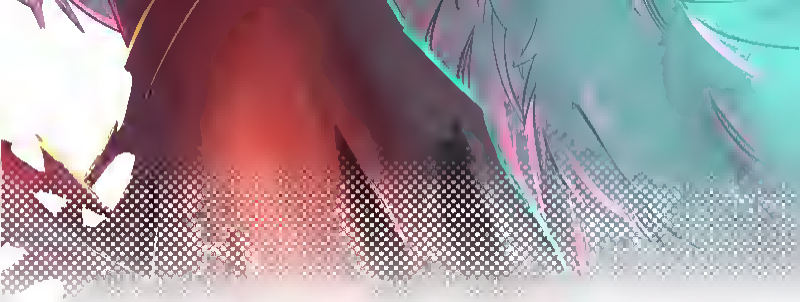
THE DOMAIN OF *GHOSTS* AND *LOST SOULS* WHO CANNOT PASS ON, TRAPPED AS SHADOWS OF THEIR FORMER LIVING SELVES.

FORTUNATELY, THERE ARE ***RARE INSTANCES*** OF THOSE BORN AMONG US WHO HAVE POWER OVER THESE TROUBLED SHADES. THEY ARE THE ***SPECIAL ONES.***

BORN WITH A GIFT FOR ***MEDIUMSHIP***, THESE FOLK ARE BURDENED WITH THE TASK OF STANDING BETWEEN THE TWO WORLDS AND ENSURING THE LAWS OF ***BOTH.***

LONG AGO, KINGS AND LORDS OF LONG FORGOTTEN COUNTRIES SOUGHT THE POWERS OF THESE ***SPIRIT WRANGLERS*** IN ORDER TO RAISE ***GREAT ARMIES*** OF THE ***DEAD*** AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.

BUT ***UNDEAD ARMIES*** THAT CAN NEVER ***TIRE*** OR ***DIE*** MEANS THAT A ***WAR*** CAN NEVER ***END***.

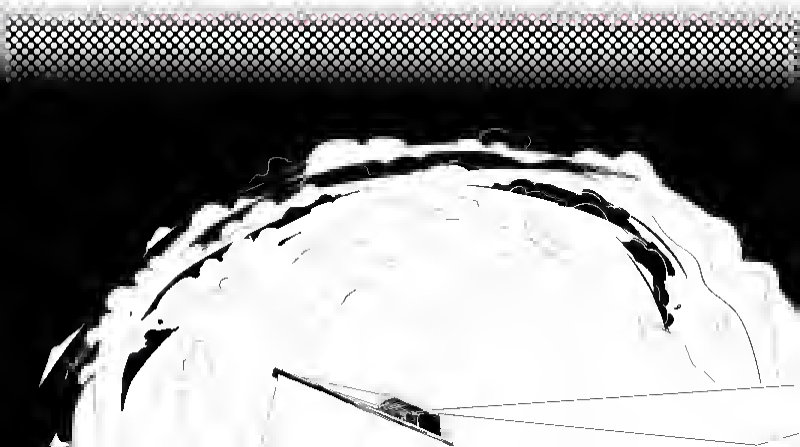


FEARING FOR THE FUTURE, THE MEDIUMS MET WITH ONE ANOTHER. THEY AGREED TO CALL OFF THE SPIRIT HORDES, AND SPARE WHAT REMAINED OF THE *RAVAGED LAND.*

IN THE END, IT WAS *TOO LATE* FOR THE KINGS AND RULERS WHO HAD *MISUSED* THE DEAD FOR THEIR *GREED.*

THE MEDIUMS FORMED AN ***ALLIANCE*** UNDER THE BANNER OF THE ***CROW*** – DEATH'S MESSENGER – AND VOWED TO ***NEVER*** MISUSE THEIR SUPERNATURAL ABILITIES ***AGAIN***.

'NO GHOST SHALL FIGHT A WAR FOR THE LIVING, FOR A DEAD MAN'S WARS ARE DONE.'



HISTORY MOVED FORWARD, AND NEW KINGDOMS AROSE. FROM THE **SHADOWS**, THE **CROWS** ENSURED THAT THE LIVING WOULD BE **SAFE** FROM THE DEAD, AND THE DEAD FROM THE **SCHEMES** OF THE LIVING.

AND SO, HERE WE ARE, ***CHILD***.

ON THE SURFACE, ***LIFE*** FOR THE ***LIVING*** IS PEACEFUL.

BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE, IN THE ASHES, LOST SOULS
ARE STILL TRAPPED. STILL UNABLE TO MOVE ON.

AND WHEN IT IS *OUR* TURN TO FACE *DEATH*...

...WILL WE, TOO, BE DAMNED TO BECOME GHOSTS FOR ETERNITY?

OH.

IT'S
MORNING.

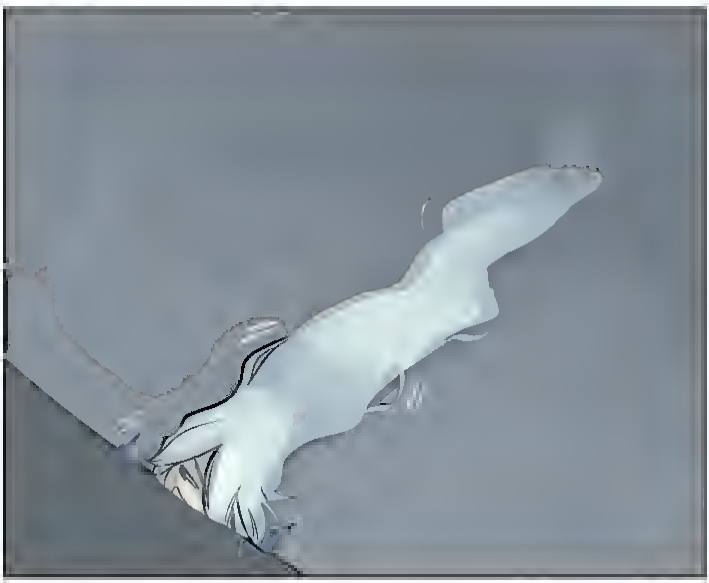
ANOTHER
STRANGE
DREAM.

WHOOPS. FELL ASLEEP HALFWAY INTO ***THE WALL*** AGAIN.

WELL, THAT'S THE ***ONE DECENT THING*** ABOUT ***BEING DEAD.*** COMFORT IS NEVER ***REALLY*** ON YOUR MIND.

HMPH.

MORE TRESPASSERS TODAY, SOUNDS LIKE. TRYING TO ENTER MY PRECIOUS HOUSE.



IT'S TIME TO DO SOME HAUNTING.

RISE FROM ASHES